THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 18. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.

BY A CUBAN INSURGENT ON RARE STATIONERY.

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Had it not been for the efficacy of the machete in the hands of the brave patriots, the insurrection in Cuba would have been unsuccessful long before this. It is the machete that is standing Cuba's friends in such good stead in the present struggle for liberty. It is the machete that is the inspiration of the patriots and it is the machete that is causing the Spaniards to fall by the hundreds and thousands, and those carrying small supplies, had marched to their graves in the midst of the Spanish lead hail.

The use of the machete is from an improvement of a machete by a native artist. The fearful effectiveness of the machete when employed against human flesh, instead of sugar-cane or log-wood has made this great cutlass from time immemorial an important factor in private quarrels in Cuba, and the Cubans have long been famous as users of the machete when they have had to struggle for liberty. It was the use weapon with which every peasant was provided who had these poor noncombatants been versed in the handling of firearms, for the use of the latter was so precarious that a large proportion of the bullets sent at the enemy would be useless for the cutting of the cartridge for these machete-men proved themselves in dozens of instances.

CUTLASS AGAINST BAYONET.

It requires a sufficient amount of bravery to stand up before a line of guns belching out flame and death, but in a hand-to-hand struggle, such as becomes inevitable with the charge of the machete men, the nerve of the Spanish soldiery, even the bravest officers and the leaders of the insurgents are forced to originate a system of fighting quite at variance with the rules of military science. There were few wounded after the bloody battles of Cano, Tobito or San Geronimo, for the machete men, after the charge and long grass, their useless weapon thrown at their feet, would await in breathless silence the upraising of the machete hand and the suddenness of the spring from the ambuscade left no time to dodge. The unconscious against bayonet on the instant, and the machete would do the rest.

At the battle of Cano, Rabi, the insurgent leader, found his men supplied with but two rounds of cartridges and the ammunition was too open to admit of an ambush. Compelling a captured trumpeter to sound the Spanish bugle call, he rode full gallop at the Spanish line, and his men, with machetes, cries "Viva Espana," in the midst of dust the Spaniards did not perceive the truth till their enemies were within a few yards, and then it was too late, for their ranks were shattered by the terrible cutting set of the Cubans, and only a bare handful of the detachment escaped the fearful onslaught.

Always the news is of the same character, for in such fighting the necessary is to match for the son of the soil striking for his home and for their priceless gift of liberty which was imbedded in our own constitution by the blood of our forefathers. The Spanish generals have resorted to the experiment of arming their troops also with the machete, but it was found to be entirely useless in the hands of the inexperienced, and the instinct of the soldier was to cling to his terrors. The mere shout of "machete" from the lips of a Cuban would cause a hasty cutlass, and it is doubtful if a single one, for there is preserved in the Madrid Museum of Artillery a rifle which, during the ten years' war, was cut squarely in two, wood and all, by a single stroke from a machete.

The last battle of any size which has been reported was on March 31, the day on which General Gomez captured the important town of Santa Clara, and after holding it for five hours retreated before a concentrating army with his entire force, not bringing with him a wagon or any cumbersome baggage. The forces of the Spanish infantry between Santa Clara and Puerto Principe Rail Road. The insurgents attacked the Spanish forces in the rear, and when the Spaniards were drawn up in a square, with a protecting wave of bayonets, they were quite unable to withstand the fierce charges of the machete men, and were thoroughly routed from every point, leaving the battle-ground with small effort during both the fight and the pursuit.

FORMIDABLE AN IMPLEMENT OF PEACE

It is not surprising that the Cubans should be so wonderfully proficient in handling this weapon when one reflects what it is by birth in time of peace; it is the most all-comprehensive an implement as could be devised; he uses it for anything from pealing a stick of sugar-cane to felling a tree or cutting down a bunch of fruit. It is the implement of peace and war, and with his machete, either carried in his hand or slung by his side, he is equipped for the emergencies it is much like a corn knife, but is more slender and lighter, and the double handle incorporates a protection which is a necessity in the use of the machete. The handle is of wood, and is inserted over a row of corn. The ready-made handle is of wood, and is inserted over a row of corn. The ready-made

THE TWO MADOLINS;

OR,

A GIRL'S CONSPIRACY.

By WARD EDGERTON.

Author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HEIRESS AND THE IMPOSTOR.

Violet Wayne was in the entrance hall, divesting herself of a richly-trimmed carriage wrap, when the great door swung open and a woman's figure appeared on the threshold.

Up went her hands as if warding off a deadly blow.

She uttered no cry; only shrunk back, step by step, as if confronted by a specter, her eyes starting from their sockets, horror and fear on every quivering feature.

Deliberately closing the door, Madolin spoke in a voice that startled herself, so harsh and relentless did it sound.

"No wonder you cower and tremble. Explanations are unnecessary. I know what you have done. Stolen my name, my identity—and for this!" sweeping her hand with a scornful gesture about the hall.

Violet continued to draw back. She must have fallen but for the great carved chair which she all at once had gripped convulsively for support.

"Traitress!" Madolin breathed, with hissing intensity. "I see how it is—you have deceived my own father—palmed yourself off for me! But your race is run. I will show no mercy—I will denounce you!"

Violet gave a sort of gasp, and the chilled blood began to course through her veins once more.

"Not dead—not dead!" she whispered to herself, bewilderingly.

Madolin's eyes blazed with just indignation and scorn.

"So that is why you dared attempt the imposture? You believed that I was drowned, that I had perished and could never appear against you? Oh, what treachery! How basely you have betrayed my love, my trust!"

A look of fury and hate swept over Violet's colorless face; then, as it slowly faded, she flung herself with clasped hands at the feet of her so cruelly wronged.

"Forgive me. I was tempted beyond my strength. It seemed as if heaven had given me the opportunity to claim my birthright. It never entered into my thoughts that your life had been spared—that I was doing you an injury. Lyndhurst is as much my home as it is yours."

"True." Madolin spoke in a softened tone. "You are a Brandt. Your place is here. If only you had not deceived my father, resorted to duplicity——"

"It was the only way. You know that. How long would my mother's daughter have been tolerated under this roof? I had to lie—dissemble. Madolin, sister, be merciful. The weeks spent in this heaven of luxury and ease have been such bright, such happy ones! I would rather die than go back to the old, sordid, miserable life. Spare me! Stay the hand that would cast me into outer darkness."

Madolin looked down at the kneeling girl in utter bewilderment.

"What do you mean? What are you asking of me? I do not clearly comprehend."

"We strikingly resemble each other. No one suspects that I am not the real Madolin Brandt. Oh, for pity's sake, go quietly away before anybody sees you here! Leave me in undisturbed enjoyment of my new-found happiness——"

She broke off abruptly, as if stricken dumb by the audacity of her own proposal.

[illegible] Madolin [illegible] must be relinquished, and a chill struck through every quivering nerve.

"How dare you?" she cried, indignantly. "Not for one instant will I lend myself to the imposture."

"Think what it means to me for you to refuse. Ruin, exposure, banishment."

"You should have thought of that before."

"If you ever loved me, if there is a single generous impulse in your heart, I implore you——"

Madolin drew herself rigidly erect.

"Stop! Would you have me deceive my honored father, help foist upon him the offspring of the woman he had learned to distrust and dislike?"

"Sister, have pity!"

"Ask of me anything save that."

From Violet's eyes shot a flash of lurid light. She wriggled like a serpent to her feet. The thought of giving up the life of luxury she was living awoke the slumbering demon in her breast.

"You refuse?" she hissed. "Then have a care, Madolin Brandt. The day may come when you will grovel at my feet! Just as surely as it does, you shall find me merciless."

"Oh, hush!" shuddered Madolin. "Violet, let us not forget that we have long loved each other—that we are half-sisters. God knows, I would gladly share love and wealth with you. The deception is what I object to. Let us go to papa and tell him all. His heart will plead for you, for his own flesh and blood. All will be well."

"Go to him? Confess that I have been playing a false role all these weeks? It would be madness."

Even as she spoke there suddenly came the sound of slow, dragging footsteps, as of someone groping his way with difficulty across the reception room at Madolin's right hand.

A frightened ejaculation broke from Violet's lips. As Madolin glanced from her livid face toward the curtained archway, the rose-pink portiere was pushed hastily back and a handsome, portly man, past middle age, wearing a linen bandage over his eyes, stepped hesitatingly into the hall.

Her father! She knew him at once. But why did he grope his way along with blinded eyes—a Samson shorn of his strength?

"Madolin!" he breathed, turning his head uncertainly from side to side.

She reeled in her tracks, overcome by the sight of his helplessness.

While she stood staring dumbly, pale and trembling, Violet sprang fiercely upon her, hissing under her breath:

"Not a word, not a sound, or I'll—murder you!"

Madolin stood as if turned to stone. The next instant her half-sister had turned swiftly, glided to Colonel Brandt's side and was saying in a voice that contrasted strangely with her tone of the moment before:

"I am here, dear papa. Why did you come in search of me? You might have sent one of the servants."

"I have something to say to you."

"Something to say?" Violet echoed, with forced playfulness. "Then come into the reception room. You can be made more comfortable in there."

Leading him to a luxurious chair, she piled the cushions about him and placed a hassock at his feet. While performing these offices there was only her deadly pallor and the unnatural glitter of her eyes to remind one of the frenzied creature of a moment before.

"Now let me close the window, dear papa, and I will listen to you," she said, sweetly. "You must not sit in a draft, you know."

Lightly kissing his forehead, she turned as if to suit her action to the words. In point of fact, what she did was to hurry back to the hall where Madolin still stood motionless with horror and amazement.

"Go, go! Leave the house at once! An hour hence I will meet you at any place you may name," she whispered, rapidly, "and we will discuss the situation."

Madolin threw back her head.

"It needs no discussion. I have but one purpose—to tell my father all. Nothing shall turn me from it."

Violet glared at her with mad eyes, and a face distorted by rage and fury.

"Tell him? Betray me? Never, never! Remember your oath—to shield and screen me at whatever cost! An oath sworn to the dead. You dare not break it—brave the wrath of God! I call upon you now, with more than life at stake, for its fulfillment."

Madolin staggered and sat down, great drops of anguish beading her brow. Everything whirled about her.

"You swore by your hope of heaven to sacrifice everything—wealth, position name, yourself."

"Oh, I never dreamed of being put to this terrible test."

"Will you keep your vow?"

"How can I? Violet, for pity's sake, absolve me from it."

"To my own undoing? Never! Break it, and I will call down heaven's maledictions upon your head."

Madolin drew a long, shuddering breath. As in a vision she saw the abyss of horror, ruin and despair that yawned at her feet.

"It is too hard, too hard. At least, give me a few moments for reflection."

A look of relief stole about Violet's pale lips, which had been beaded with cold moisture a moment before. Madolin was conscientious to a fault—the battle was already won. Leaning nearer, Violet whispered fiercely:

"Denounce me and you are a perjured woman in the sight of God! You dare not do it!"

Although this thrilling scene had been enacted in a moment's time, Colonel Brandt's voice was now heard calling impatiently from the adjoining room:

"Madolin, where are you?"

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT MADOLIN OVERHEARD.

Violet dared not linger. Darting a threatening glance at her half-sister, she sped down the hall, drawing the portiere across the doorway with a force that sent it hissing along the rod.

Colonel Brandt lifted his head at her approach, saying, complainingly:

"How long you were, Madolin. I heard voices. Who has been here?"

"Only one of the maids, dear papa." She leaned over him, wreathing her arms about his neck. "I am so sorry to have kept you waiting. I will now hear what you have to say."

She felt devoutly thankful that he could not see her drawn mouth and pallid face. Suspicion would certainly have been awakened.

Meanwhile, Madolin had rallied from the feeling of suffocation that momentarily overcame her. She glanced about her, breathing hard and painfully. The very portraits on the wall seemed to look down at her with scornful eyes. It was unbearable. She started to her feet. A horrible fascination drew her toward the reception room. Thrusting back the portiere, she paused on the threshold, with its rich folds falling heavily about her.

A look of fear and deadly hatred appeared on Violet's face. But she did not speak—the least outcry meant discovery—only glared like a basilisk at the intruder, her very attitude full of menace, of frenzied appeal.

Colonel Brandt had taken her hand. He sat toying with the taper fingers, little dreaming that the real Madolin stood looking on with only the width of the room between her and the impostor.

Presently he spoke.

"My dear, nothing has ever been said regarding your future; and yet it was planned years and years ago when you were only a babe. It is of that I would now speak."

Violet could hardly control her nervous excitement. Uncertain what he was about to say, or what Madolin intended to do, she was very reluctant to have him speak in her presence.

"Will not tomorrow answer just as well, papa?" she faltered.

"No. Already the subject has been postponed too long. It is high time you knew my plans. I sincerely hope," his brows contracting slightly, "that I shall find you willing to be guided by my better judgment."

"Has not your slightest wish been my law?" murmured the deceitful girl, kissing his hand.

"Yes, Madolin. You have been very obedient, very considerate—more so than I could expect considering the fact that you have grown up apart from me. Time and again, since my return, you have given up your wishes out of deference to mine. But this is a matter of greater importance than those little sacrifices. It concerns your whole future life; in short, it relates to your marriage."

Violet sat suddenly erect with whitening lips, almost shrieking:

"My marriage? What—what do you mean? Who has told you——"

She broke off, terror unutterable in her voice and eyes, looking as if she were going wild.

"For God's sake, explain yourself, papa," she gasped. "What are you talking about?"

"There, there; don't get excited, my dear. Of course you expect to marry sometime. All young girls do. But doubtless you thought of choosing and to be chosen, instead of having a husband thrust upon you, as it were."

Violet gazed at her father with a strange, fixed look, and, drawing a relieved breath, she muttered:

"He knows nothing."

Then, struggling for complete mastery over her emotions, she said aloud:

"I am more at a loss than ever, papa. What do you mean? Pray explain."

"To do that I must begin a long way back. Eighteen years ago I had a friend I loved like a brother. Time and separation have not weakened our affection for each other. Damon Heathcote is still very dear to me."

Madolin, hearing the name Heathcote, felt her strength suddenly fail. She cowered down upon a chair with a sickening premonition of what was coming.

"My friend has an only son, six years your senior," Colonel Brandt resumed. "When you were a wee little babe, Gerald Heathcote came to Lyndhurst with his father on a visit. He was a noble, handsome boy. I don't remember who first suggested it, but Damon Heathcote and I felt that we desired a stronger tie than that of mere friendship. The outcome was that you and Gerald, although mere children at the time, were solemnly betrothed before that visit ended."

"What precious idiots!" Violet thought, with curling lip. "I won't be bound by the ridiculous compact."

A horrible fascination held Madolin rooted where she sat.

"This morning," Colonel Brandt went on, "I received a letter from Mr. Heathcote. He and Gerald are coming again to Lyndhurst. The young man has been abroad for several months, but the steamer in which he sailed from Liverpool was due yesterday. Father and son will come almost directly here, that you may make Gerald's acquaintance; and the marriage will follow in due course of time."

"Unless I decline to fall in with the arrangement."

The colonel started up angrily.

"I've set my heart on this marriage. It is a binding contract. My honor—aye, half of my fortune, are at stake."

"The greater fool you!" muttered Violet, viciously, but so low that the blind man heard her not.

His quick ear caught another sound, however—the sharp cry of agony that Madolin could no longer repress.

"What was that?" he cried, starting.

"Only the wind," Violet replied, darting her half-sister a warning, angry look. "Papa, you were speaking of Gerald Heathcote," she added, hastily, to divert his thoughts, little dreaming what vital interest the subject held for Madolin. "Tell me about him. Is he a man

"Not a word, not a sound, or I'll murder you!"

calculated to win a young girl's love?"

"He is one of nature's noblemen. We have not met for years, but all who know him sound his praises. Rich, handsome, talented, the idol of society, what more could you ask for in a husband?"

No response.

"Fortunately you have formed no prior attachment. You will be captivated at sight—the course of true love runs smoothly for once."

Again Violet's face blanched to a livid hue.

"And I must accept unquestioningly the husband you have chosen for me?" she asked, hoarsely.

"There is no alternative. I will keep nothing back—I am a ruined man if you refuse. In the present state of my affairs a crash would inevitably follow the forfeiture of so large a part of my possessions."

Violet's eyes flashed sullen defiance, but again wreathing her arms about her father's neck, she murmured, with seeming sincerity:

"I will make any sacrifice to avert the calamity. Darling papa, you shall see that I am not ungrateful for the blessings you have showered upon me."

To Madolin the scene had become unbearable. She rose to her feet, both hands pressed against her breast. Her first impulse was to tear the impostor from her father's arms; but she remembered the solemn oath by which she was bound.

"Oh, God, what shall I do? How can I bear it?"

A frightful trembling shook her and the room began to whirl. By a strong effort of the will she managed to stagger over the threshold into the deserted hall. Then something seemed to give way suddenly—she fell in a dead faint.

Violet, seeing all this, excused herself to Colonel Brandt and stole quickly after her. Bending over the prostrate form she whispered, hissingly:

"Oh, if she would only die—never rally from this!"

But the swoon could not last many minutes. With Madolin's recovery the perils of her position would increase an hundred fold. Decisive action was necessary.

As she cast a desperate glance round, her French maid came tripping down the stairs.

"Help, Adele," Violet breathed, imploringly. "This young person has fainted. There are reasons why her presence in the house must not be known to anyone else. You are clever at expedients—tell me what to do?"

The maid started as her glance fell upon Madolin's colorless face. She gazed at Violet with a long, fixed look.

"There's the small chamber opening from your dressing room, miss. No one ever enters it. We can take her there."

"Yes, yes; but can we carry her so far—just you and I?"

"Easily, miss; such a slender thing."

The maid was already bending over Madolin. Hearing a heavy step cross the reception room, Violet sprang to her assistance. The fear of discovery imbued her with unnatural strength.

"Quick, quick!"

The little procession was half-way up the staircase when Colonel Brandt, groping his way carefully, came into the lower hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

A cold chill struck through Violet. She leaned against the balustrade, nearly dropping her insensible burden.

Colonel Brandt stood listening a moment, turning his head from side to side, and pulling at the bandage that covered his sightless eyes; then slowly retraced his steps, muttering audibly:

"I must be getting fanciful. I hear strange noises, imagine strange things."

Violet gasped with relief as the portiere fell into place behind him.

"Now, Adele! Make haste!"

Another moment and they had gained the desired refuge.

Locking the door, the maid returned to the couch on which they had laid Madolin, and, gazing into her face, said, tranquilly:

"How much she looks like you, Miss Violet."

Only a sound of ragged breathing.

"If I didn't know better, I should take you two for sisters."

This was too much for endurance. Wheeling violently about, Violet whispered, hissingly:

"Be careful what you say! You must be mad to imagine anything so absurd!"

"Oh, don't glare at me, miss," with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "You ought to know by this time that you have nothing to fear from me. I can keep a secret. It matters not who this lady may be. She might remain hidden here for years, and no one be the wiser for my telling. I shall serve you faithfully in the future, as I have in the past."

"Do so, and you shall have no cause to regret it."

Violet realized that she had put herself at the mercy of her unscrupulous maid, but there was no alternative.

She almost thought her wicked prayer had been answered, so long did Madolin remain unconscious. When at last the poor girl's senses returned, her eyes, as they looked into the faces hanging over her, were dazed and wild.

"Gerald!" she cried.

Violet started. She saw that her victim's mind wandered. But why the repetition of that name? Why had it lingered in the hapless girl's memory more vividly than anything else her father had said?

"Gerald!" Madolin called again, piteously. "Gerald, where are you? I feel strangely—so weak and ill. What has happened?"

Seeming to search her mind for something, she cried suddenly, in an agonized voice:

"Horror encompasses me. Gerald, if you love me, come to my relief. Ah, I remember now!" she shrieked, with a momentary gleam of returning reason. "My half-sister has stolen my name, my identity, and now she would rob me of my lover!"

Violet stared at her, incredulity and horror mingled in her gaze.

"What are you saying? Do you know Gerald Heathcote? Have you learned to love him?"

No response. After that one outcry Madolin turned her face to the wall, her lips only giving forth incoherent mutterings.

Violet felt as if she were going mad. What fatality! What a death blow to her hopes and schemes! If Gerald Heathcote had wooed and won Madolin during her long, unexplained absence, all was lost.

"It can't be! It simply can't be!" she breathed, trembling all over and bathed in a cold perspiration.

Again, as she sat benumbed with horror, Madolin's plaintive tones aroused her.

"Oh, Gerald, why did I not make haste to undeceive you? I had no thought of playing a false role; it was forced upon me by circumstances. I was Violet Wayne solely because the name had been thrust upon me by strangers, and it would have been awkward to correct the mistake. I did not explain even when you whispered your tale of love. Oh," with a long, sighing breath, "I thought it would be such a delightful surprise when I revealed myself as Madolin Brandt, the bride your father had selected for you. Oh, why did I keep the secret? Will you ever believe me, ever trust me now?"

The soft voice suddenly ceased; a sound of hysterical weeping filled the room.

Meanwhile the whole startling, bewildering truth was dawning upon Violet's mind.

"It almost passes belief," she ejaculated. "Fortune plays strange freaks. But all is not lost."

"No, Miss Violet. It's a desperate game, but play your cards well and you will surely win."

Turning at sound of the mocking voice she met the steady gaze of her maid.

"You! I thought you had left the room. But why do you call me by that name—Violet?"

"A slip of the tongue, perhaps. I will be careful before folks," Adele answered severely.

For a moment the two looked into each other's eyes.

"How much do you know?" Violet asked.

"Enough to spoil your pretty scheme. But enough of that. I said you could trust me, and you can."

Violet turned slowly to the couch. Leaning over the poor girl whose place she had usurped, and noting the signs of fever and delirium, a sudden deadly temptation assailed her. If Madolin died and made no disclosure, the imposture would never be known. The fatal action of escaping gas—a few deadly drops in a glass—the merest pressure upon that fair, white throat—and an obstacle was removed from her path forever.

"No, no, no! Not in that way!" she shuddered, recoiling in horror from the thought.

A long time she remained motionless, listening with strained intensity to Madolin's ravings, trying to patch the incoherent mutterings together, and every moment gleaning more of the history of those missing weeks in her half-sister's life.

Suddenly she sprang up and began to pace the floor.

"My father's scheme grows more and more fascinating every moment," she muttered. "Is it because Gerald Heathcote loves Madolin already that I feel a wicked longing to lure him away from her? Or was it decreed before the world began that I should love him? What a career might be mine as his wife!"

She struck her hands together, an ugly frown sweeping over her face.

"Oh, fool! I have ruined all by my idiotic folly. It can never be. What madness possessed me to raise a barrier between myself and such a future? Would to God——"

She broke off. There are thoughts one dares not whisper even to the wind.

Fortunately Madolin was spared the serious illness that threatened. A few anxious hours, during which Violet or Adele kept constant watch beside her, often hearing the name "Gerald" spoken with endearing epithets—then reason returned.

Strange and bitter were the girl's thoughts as she lay gazing about the room, at a thousand dear, familiar objects she remembered in her childhood, and realized the almost incredible change in her own prospects.

For a time, whenever Violet approached the couch, she would put her hand before her eyes as though the sight of the usurper's face was unbearable. But this feeling passed. Besides, she longed to learn about her father; and being too weak and ill to seek him—if there had been nothing else to prevent—Violet was the only person of whom she could ask information.

"Oh, tell me all," she pleaded. "What has happened to papa? Is he really blind—and for life?"

Violet kept nothing back. Why should she? Her hold upon the poor girl could not easily be shaken off.

"You may as well know the exact situation," she said, in conclusion. "I demand a great sacrifice, but there is no alternative. You have sworn a solemn oath that you dare not break. My maid alone is aware of your presence in the house. It must be kept a profound secret. A few days and you will be well and Heathcote again; then you must go quietly away."

"Tell me just what you expect of me, Violet."

"I will—in a word. In your ravings you revealed the fact that you had stolen my name—even as I stole yours. We are quits on that score. You shall be Violet Wayne to the end of the chapter, and I, Madolin Brandt! No other course is now possible. We both knew, when we took the first step along this road, there was no turning back."

"Merciful God! Are you determined to ruin me?"

Violet eyed her coldly.

"One of us two must be sacrificed. I won't give up what I have perilled my soul to gain."

"Oh, this is terrible! Exposure will come when you least expect it."

"I am not afraid," the scheming girl answered, an exultant smile, such as no pen could describe, playing about her lips.

"Have you no pity? Is there no limit to your greed? Do you purpose robbing me of my promised husband, after taking everything else?"

"I will answer that question after Gerald Heathcote and I have met."

Madolin sat erect. For a moment she looked as if she would hurl herself at the mocking demon and clutch her by the throat. But she fell back with a cry of awful anguish and despair.

"My God! How can I bear it? To give up all I hold dear—oh, Violet, kill me and have done with it!"

"Don't be dramatic. Such efforts are worse than useless."

"Will nothing turn you from your purpose?"

"Nothing!"

"Let me tell you all the circumstances of my meeting with Gerald—how we came to love each other——"

"Do not. It would make no difference. An angel from heaven could not turn me. The Brandt millions and the prestige that go with them shall be mine! Dare to perjure yourself, to break the oath sworn to the dead, and I will kill—not you—but myself! I swear it! Go—denounce me—if you want my blood upon your soul!"

With these terrible words Violet went from the room.

(To be continued next week.)

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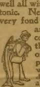

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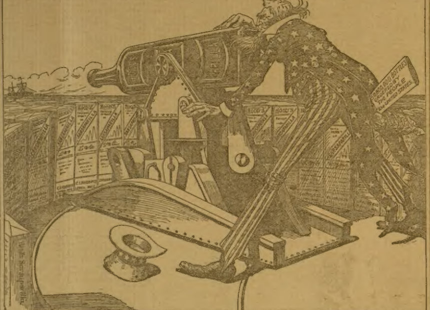

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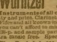

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A BUTTERFLY SUMMER.

Splendid African Insects Poised on Coquettish Shepherdess Hats.

The feminine enthusiasm of the moment flutters about the counter and the question of neckties. The new plaid ginghams are

SPRING FROCKS.

the undoing of all resolves that make for economy.

At the sight of the golfing stocks purses fly open as if they were animated, and extravagance is easily condoned on the score of the exceeding utility as well as beauty of the neckwear purchased. The most approved golf stocks have a high white pique band that buttons at back and front to the shirt waist. From the rear comes forward two broad bands of adorably striped and crossbarred Scotch zephyr that knot under the chin into what is technically known among men as the coaching puff.

One excuse for these ties is that they wash and serve the double duty of collar and tie in one. Another weighty argument in their favor, among women, is the cool, soft comfort of the crisp but not starched pique, so preferable to the hot, rigid collar, that chafes tender throats. On the golf links, for bicycling, yachting, riding and tennis these easy, gayly colored neckties will be worn almost to the exclusion of every other pattern. The golfers will naturally select those that emphasize their favorite poppy red, which dominates the links. Pure white ties of pique, china silk and brocaded silk are boldly to the fore with the shoppers, for it appears cool and dainty as morning wear.

TIES AND PINS.

In addition to the gingham beauties fair throats will be ornamented with handsome satin puff scarfs, the ends left to hang spreading and free, or folded neatly and flatly into the Lady Babbie pattern. This last lets fall its satin curtain from neck to waist line, is made up on a frame and sold complete and ready for adjustment, with a pretty pearl pin settled in its folds. Summing up the full complement of summer neckwear mention must be made of the brocaded silk teck and ascot ties and of the big showy Princess of Wales. This last is built of gay bengaline or soft faille puffed on a frame, with or without a high throat stock. It is sold in white and the palest tints, else in vividly roman striped taffeta.

Every necktie, save the strings, demands the usage of scarf pins, and willingly is femininity obeying this agreeable mandate. A perfect yellow pearl, on a shaft of gold, is par excellence. The very most correct and splendid jewel one can wear, crossed golf clubs, in gold and silver, are already rushing fast to their destruction on the rock of

attracted by the flocks of butterflies, big and little, exposed for sale in the hat trimmers' windows. Some of these are manufactured and artfully, too, of opalescent, shaded and shot silk, skilfully touched with water colors and glinting with spangled eyes. There is a goodly showing of the fragile, genuine article, and from as far away as Brazil and Africa splendid specimens are brought, to adorn the gay shepherdess hats so liberally sprinkled with flowers.

Meanwhile, with our attention switched off on butterflies, with the good offices of the Audubon societies and stringent state legislation against wholesale bird slaughter, Cock Robin and Jenny Wren are afforded opportunity to sing and multiply in peace. The only birds used this spring so far are white pigeons', powdered with silver, black or gold spangles, and manufactured fowls. These last would set the song birds aghast with their woolly heads, wooden or celluloid beaks and wired net wings twinkling with spangles.

But butterflys, birds and beetles cut a very slight figure in the millinery world as yet. Every daughter of Eve crowns herself with flowers, and the higher she piles her hat with them and with tulle the greater her satisfaction. A blue straw, for example, having sunk crown closely filled with posies and its brim wreathed in tulle, is very nearly the acme of womanly desire at the moment of writing. A couple of red and black butterflies hovering over this pot-like arrangement of blossoms of course adds greatly to the effect.

MUSLIN SUNBONNETS.

Over these big hats, for this season nearly all hats are big, curtain veils are worn. To be definite, a curtain veil is one that hangs loosely around the brim and the counter term for them is handkerchief veils. Later on, in the country, such veils will be of white tulle and waist long over quaint straw poke bonnets of 1830 shape, trimmed with roses and tied under the chin with broad strings.

Another suburban fashion that the milliners are vigorously promoting is the embroidered muslin sunbonnet habit. Anything more dainty and coquettish than a swiss muslin sunbonnet embroidered in pink rosebuds and tied with pink ribbons under the chin would be hard to find. A wealth of white lace is whipped on narrow ruffles, edging the hood and shoulder frill, and this milkmaid fashion is highly recommended as beneficial both to the looks and complexion. A vast deal of interest is taken in trimming some of the sunbonnets with light sprays of flowers. Such bonnets are also made of colored batiste and sheer figured organdies, and some of them wear price tickets marked as high as $51.

Taut, trig sailor hats are making themselves unusually conspicuous with their narrow bands of fringed taffeta ribbon. The fringed ends are so arranged as to flutter over the brim's edge and since extravagance must be carried to its extreme we now have hats of shirred straw. These, woven in two colors, need only a scarf of muslin, having lace ends, twisted about the crown by way of trimming to develop into as charming garden hats as any woman could wish.

Another attractive type of rustic hat is woven with a sugar loaf crown and a rich lattice brim, half of chiffon and half of satin straw, and needs no trimming save a muslin scarf in Roman stripes with silk fringe.

FULL DRESS FRIVOLITIES.

Jade jewelry is the attraction of the hour, and this eastern stone is sold in the form of brooches, link buttons, studs and rings. It comes in dull green, pale green and a flesh white, set in gypsy bands of gold, sunk in beds of silver, for belt clasps, carved into quaint shapes of turtles, little dragons and grinning heads of Chinese demons, or else splendidly encircled in wreaths of flashing diamonds. Jade is scarcely in itself a very beautiful or a very unique stone, but eastern tradition says it brings good luck and health to its wearer, and it is in a measure decorative. Small side combs are daily giving place to larger combs, used only in the rear of the head, and to round-topped shell hairpins. Green shell, the rarest and most expensive kind, is the most modish for the moment, and hairpins of the purest ivory white are affected by brunette women.

In the evening a couple or a group of butterflies, made of white silk and finely spangled, hover on almost invisible wires over curly feminine heads, and there is a fancy wide-reaching influence for flesh-tinted evening gloves. A woman can now have the blushing pink or milk whiteness of her arms exactly matched at the glove shop she frequents, for, since winter has been put behind us, short-sleeved evening dresses are the rule.

Already we feel inclined to sing a doxology over the sash that has enjoyed but one brief winter of patronage. Glory upon glory of needlework has come forth from the

FREE BOOK FOR WEAK MEN.

Above book, sent in plain sealed envelope, tells all about my wonderful invention, the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt and Suspensory. Established 30 years. Used the world over for all results of youthful errors, nervousness, drains, impotency, lame back, varicocele, etc. 5,000 men, young & old, cured last year. Address

DR. B. L. SANDEN, Estbd. 30 Years. 183 S. Clark St., Chicago, 826 Broadway, New York.

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hanging loose from short strings of dull silver beads. These goods are hung upon highly decorated silk foundation skirts, brilliantly striped taffeta or gaudily flowered satins. At the silk counters they are still offering the most exquisite of dancing grenadines. That in Russian weave, of very coarse silk cords, in black, with a few colored threads crossing each other in a broken plaid effect, is the most durable and beautiful species.

SUMMER APRONS.

Great activity in the development of the little girls' pinafores, along all the lines of grace and usefulness, has been marked this month. The pretty ginghams, French linens and batistes all suggest admirable ideas to the makers of childrens' wardrobes, and a little woman can create a great flutter in nursery circles this summer on a poor supply of gowns, provided her aprons are up to the latest standard. These aprons are to all intents and purposes neat, complete gowns, having yokes of white embroidery and full sashes of ginghams, caught on either hip and gathering in all the rear fulness under a big bow at the back.

Any one who watches the parks and city squares these warm April days cannot fail to notice the growing tendency there is to greater fitness of simplicity in childish costumes. In gingham and white embroidery the smartest small girl is considered adequately dressed for nearly every occasion, and wisely her skirts are cut long only. Attention is also attracted by the numbers of children running about in the sunshine in short sleeves and short socks. Girls and boys alike wear the half-socks with high laced shoes, for physicians advocate the bare arms and legs as a means of hardening young constitutions.

Later on the girls are to appear in low-necked as well as short-sleeved pinafores, and the high-laced shoes are sensibly chosen for the strengthening effect they have on babyish ankles. With girls especially this species of shoe keeps the ankle from growing large and square and loose in its socket.

Flocks of sturdy little men, between the ages of 5 and 14, gladden the eyes of the park saunterer by their white clothes. All the small sailor men, the infantile golfers, cyclists, etc., are in snowy duck, linen, pique and serge. They even wear white socks and the palest tan or white canvas shoes, but the beauty-loving mammas throw in daring dashes of color up about their son's bright faces. Broad collars are faced with gaudy golf red or flag blue silk, or more dazzlingly still with brightly plaided serge and reefers of plaid or golf red serge sit jauntily top the curly masculine heads.

ILLUSTRATED FASHION.

Five very up-to-date costumes, suitable for May days, are given this week to those in search of suggestive ideas. Of the three young women pitilessly pursued by the gander, the first wears a gown especially designed for the witnessing of golf tournaments and other country out-of-door occasions. Her skirt has a shaped flounce of white serge set on to an apron front of the same goods and trimmed with a little white wool braid. Of French broadcloth, in a warm golfers' red coat is made, and ornamented with braid to match that on the skirt and a belt of white wash leather. Revers, faced with white moire turn back from a full jabot front of cream lace and an [illegible] ribbon ruffles, harmonious well with the

Toilets of Spring.

our production, and in rough colored golds or enamel, the favorite pattern is a tiny turtle, whose jeweled head, no bigger than that of a brass pin, wiggles painfully.

Neckties, in common with gowns, hats, sashes, gloves, sunshades and under petticoats are reflecting the all-pervading tint of the season, which is blue. The spring skies are repeated every where on the streets and in the shop windows, and not to wear blue of some tone is to be one season behind the times. Azure and flag blue are the two favorite knots of this color.

Flag blue is but a synonym for Yale and Abbess blue, but its vogue is slight beside the insistant ever-recurring and lovely variations from deep to palest ciel tints. In consequence of this modish measure, we have an assortment of astonishing names for the varieties of blues. What, to a country eye, would be mere forgetmenot, gentian, periwinkle, violet or convolvulus blues, are referred to by the dressmakers as April and Algerian skies, Egyptian turquoise, summer heavens and a half-score more of confusing poetical terms.

FOR SHEPHERDESS HATS.

The country eye, however, will be quickly

dressmakers, and no sashes adorn their rear folds. Some of the organdies and muslins will, of course, possess them, but as a strong feature of fashion the sash is out of the running. Of great interest are the shaped skirts of colored and white French nainsook, not only richly embroidered, but decorated with valenciennes edging, whipped on about the scallops of the needle work. The embroidery on such skirts extends nearly to the waist, and embroidered pieces for the bodice accompany every skirt pattern.

OYSTER GRAY CHIFFON.

There is nothing newer for evening dresses than lace decorated net, over colored silk skirts, or spangled chiffon; but quite as pretty are silk muslins ornamented with chenille flowers in various colors. The chenille is so prettily laid on that the flowers are thrown out into high relief against the muslin ground and produce most exquisite velvety effects. Another good thing is the chiffon treated with ribbon embroidery and the oyster gray chiffon decorated with large lusterless silver spangles, not sewed flat on the surface, but

bright, simple toilet. The hat in this instance is a red straw overlaid with white tulle, bearing large and small black velvet dots, a couple of quills to one side are white with black velvet centers.

The second maiden exhibits a comely suit of the taffeta that is without dressing and intricately figured in red and black. Broad tabs of black satin, held down by decorated buttons, extend on the hips, while the waist of black taffeta has a front of the figured silk. A light blue straw, offset with black and white plumes and a black velvet crown band, accords with this suit.

A checked silk, relieved with white lace and white satin and worn with a wide leghorn hat, is the third pretty spring suit, and the sunshade carried is embroidered and completed with long silk fringe.

Two linen gowns are worn by the butterfly chasers. The first, a rosy pink, is distinguished by a gamp yoke of plaited white muslin, a sailor's scarf of black silk and rows of black linen braid. The second is a serviceable dark blue linen, has its skirt piped with white and its coat opening to reveal a white pique waistcoat and revers and a striped blue and white ascot tie. Two

specimens of new sailor hats are disported by these pilgrims of pleasure.

M. DAVIS.

Memories of Musical Artists.

The general public are, perhaps, not aware of the wonderful feats of memory which great singers and pianists are called upon to perform. To memorize a role in an opera or a long sonata is entirely different to learning a part in a play. An opera-singer has not only to commit words—often in a foreign language—to memory, but also the music of the role, while the instrumentalist has both the melody and the complicated chords of the piece to memorize.

Madam Nordica says that whilst engaged in memorizing roles like Wagner's Isolde, or the three Brunnhildes in "The Ring of the Nibelung," she often spends six hours a day with her repetiteur at the piano—three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon. So well does she memorize her roles, that she has never had to depend upon the prompter or conductor.

Campanini, too, is another great singer with a remarkable memory. Indeed, he will sing such pieces as Vasco di Gama in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" perfectly after only spending the previous day with his repetiteur at the piano. He was once asked in an emergency to sing Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni." The performance was to take place the same evening, so that the great singer had hardly any time for practic. He simply glanced over the score, and though he had not seen the role for ten years he took the part beautifully.

The famous pianists and conductors also furnish many instances of remarkable memory. It is said of Dr. Hans von Bulow and Rubinstein that if every note of music which was worth preserving was to be destroyed, they could between them reproduce every line of it. The former often conducted entire concert programs from memory. He had memorized all the sonatas of Beethoven, and could give a score of piano recitals, striking no less than 1,250,000 notes, each one of which had to be retained in its exact position in his memory.

Paderewski, Rummel, and Joseffy have all large repertoires, which testify to remarkable musical memories. Signor Gore, too, was another pianist who often displayed remarkable feats of memory. He often accompanied from memory on the piano the entire third act of "Faust," at the same time transposing the music half a tone.

In the Vernacular.

First Telephone Girl—What did Belle say when you told her your engagement was broken?

Second Telephone Girl—Oh, she said it only meant another ring off.—Yonkers Statesman.

No Longer.

Stranger—Where do the Highminds reside? They are one of the old families of this city, I believe.

Mrs. Forundred—They used to be, but Mr. Highmind failed last year.—New York Weekly.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhoea, etc., sent free to ladies with full instructions how to use it. Address Mrs. L. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

Sherbet glasses in green or rose-colored Bohemian glass are a decided novelty, but hardly so refined looking as the pure white ones. They are decorated in raised gold, with gold edge and handle, and come with or without the saucer.

Women Made Beautiful

By Vestro. It will develop the bust six inches, adds grace and beauty to the neck. It is harmless and never fails. It will add charm and attraction to any woman. Send 2c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials sealed. Aurum Medicine Co. Dept. H-A, 55 State St., Chicago.

Cinders should never be thrown away until after they are sifted, for the big pieces of coal remaining will make excellent starters for new fires if some new coal is laid on top. Ashes themselves are fine scouring material for buckets and saucepans.

Drunkenness is a Disease.

I will send free book of particulars: How to cure Drunkenness or the Liquor "Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Dr. J. W. Haines, 137 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jetted tulle is in great request and blouses of this description are much seen. For instance, a loose blouse of tulle, heavily spangled with jet flowers, is worn over a lining of flesh-colored crepe. The small square at the neck is of cream transparent lace.

TO AGENTS.

"Our Country in War and Relations With Foreign Nations," by Murat Halstead, is the biggest seller of today. If you want the agency of this book, write at once to Educational Union, 324 Dearborn Street, Chicago, and mention this paper.

The edict of Dame Fashion for this summer is that all the blossoms for hat trimming shall be small, so the hyacinth, lilac, violet and tiny rosebud will be used extensively.—Exchange.

Boys' Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 22 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 138 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

The popularity of white for day wear is one of the spring features of London. White-fox muffs and boas are worn with seal coats and white Thibet adorn velveteen gowns.

TWO VOICES.

A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.

Yes, sir, I fought with Stonewall,
And faced the fight with Lee;
But if this here union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!
I didn't shrink from Sherman
As he galloped to the sea;
But if this here union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas—
The bully boys in gray;
I heard the thunderers roarin'
Round Stonewall Jackson's way,
And many a time this sword of mine
Has blazed the route for Lee;
But if this old nation goes to war,
Make one more sword for me!

I'm not so full o' fightin',
Nor half so full o' fun,
As I was back in the sixties
When I shouldered my old gun;
It may be that my hair is white—
Sich things, you know, must be—
But if this old union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin'—
Nor how, in sixty-two
Or thereabouts, with battle shouts
I charged the boys in blue;
And I say I fought with Stonewall,
And blazed the way for Lee;
But if this old union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS NORTHERN BROTHER.

Just make it two, old fellow;
I want to stand once more
Beneath the old flag with you,
As in the days of yore
Our fathers stood together
And fought on land and sea
The battles fierce that made us
A nation of the free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg,
You licked me at Bull Run;
On many a field we struggled,
When neither victory won.
You wore the gray of Southland,
I wore the Northern blue;
Like men we did our duty
When screaming bullets flew.

Four years we fought like devils,
But when the war was done
Your hand met mine in friendly clasp,
Or two hearts beat as one.
And now when danger threatens,
No North, no South, we know,
Once more we stand together
To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty—
Old age is creeping on;
Life's sun is lower sinking,
My day will soon be gone,
But if our country's honor
Needs once again her son,
I'm ready, too, old fellow—
So get another gun.
—Minneapolis Journal.

WALKING A WIRE.

A New and Spirited Diversion of the Athletic Girl Who Has Tired of Old Gymnastics.

Walking a wire is the last new thing in athletics. Yes, all the young Junos and Dianas in town are putting the finishing

AN EXPERT.

touches to their lithe, willowy and supple figures by pirouetting on the slack rope; and those maidens whose figures are neither lithe, willowy nor supple intend taking just such forms away with them to the counting by the first of June and those figures will be their own.

It appears that some enterprising director of a gymnasium, one who writes M. D. after his name, got very tired, if you will pardon the slang, of seeing girls go through the same unending waist, arm and leg movements, from time immemorial dedicated to gymnasium work; he also became very weary of basketball, handball, ring-ball, and all the other "gym" games ending in ball, and determined to have a slight variation of this uninteresting routine, so one day he had a slack wire put up, at a small angle or rather at a slight elevation and provided a balancing pole.

The innovation took like the measles, although at first no one more bold than another dared venture her glad young life and limb upon a slack rope, even at an elevation of three inches above a firm foundation—it looked too simply awfully and it sounded too awfully audacious.

The very idea of the thing! To walk a tight rope like a regular circus performer in an infinitesimal number of gay tarletan petticoats. But as diaphanous draperies or even skirts any shorter than for ordinary every day were not called for by the terms of the program she put one foot forward and gingerly sent the other one creeping after it, and in less time than I take telling it, she had walked at least twelve inches along the wire, balancing herself by means of a pole. And every one in the gymnasium wanted to follow her example and lost no time in doing so.

Each one of these brave Atalantas—and there are many of them here and there—will tell you that the muscles of her back, waist, legs and ankles, are getting a better training than months of ordinary gymnasium work could possibly give; that balancing is the best possible exercise and that it is the most fascinating thing ever devised, also that the days and months when she was not walking the slack rope but might have done so, are as good as wasted.

It is a kind of exercise that can be practiced at home as well as in a gymnasium, provided you can devote space enough in some nook or corner of your house in which to put up the wire—the expense isn't worth speaking of—only a wire and a balancing pole, c'est tout.

The way you manage the balancing pole is to fasten it to the wall, where it meets the floor. It must be so arranged that it will move in an arc and the fair performer preserves her balance by grasping the free end of the pole as she proceeds slowly along the slender wire.

And the reward attendant upon a ten or twenty minutes daily practice are grace, litheness and suppleness displayed in every movement you make and your gait soon takes on the poetry of motion.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Toby's Dear Damp Nose.

A lady friend of mine met her fiance on the Underground, and when the carriage was empty the subject turned to softer things.

"What have you in that locket?" she asked, admiring his watchchain.

"A postage stamp."

"Goosie! What postage stamp?"

"The one on your last love letter. I detached it carefully. It touched your moist lips; it often touches mine."

"You dreadful fellow! I'm so sorry! I moistened that stamp by pressing it on Toby's dear, damp nose."

Ayer's Asthma Cure

better known as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, has made a record for its remarkable cures of asthma. Cases that have been considered beyond hope or help have been cured by this remedy. We give two examples of such cures out of the many on record:—

"My mother has been a great sufferer from asthma for the past ten years, and her recovery is almost without a parallel. On account of her advanced age—over seventy—we had but little hopes of ever seeing her well again; but we are sincerely grateful to inform you that she has been entirely cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."
INGLIS BANKS, Tar Brook, N.S.

"I was a sufferer for a long time from asthma, vainly endeavoring to procure relief in the use of ordinary remedies. At length I was induced to try a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first bottle afforded me so much benefit that I continued the use of the remedy until entirely cured."
JOSEPH KLONZ, Charlotte, N.C.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

put up in half-size bottles, 50 cents. Full-size bottle, $1.00.

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OPIUM or Morphine Habit Cured at Home. Trial Free. No Pain.
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CLAIRVOYANCE free. If sick send now, name, age, sex, lock of hair and 2 stamps, to Dr. D. Hinkly, X 49, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
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BICYCLES at MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.
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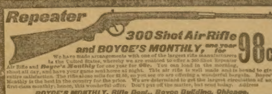

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Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy One Year, ... $1.00
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Postage is prepaid to all foreign countries except Canada.

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Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second-class matter.

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A fair's breadth is one forty-eighth of an inch.

There are houses still standing in Nantucket, Mass., that were built in 1686.

A new woman's league has been started in Pittsburg, Pa., with the object of the advancement of the science of the world.

Of all the surveyors in the world the Shah of Persia is said to possess the greatest number of gorgeous and costly ornaments, in being valued at $75,000,000.

Speaking of backbone, this is a good time to examine the stiffening in your own backbone. You can tell the muscle sound have on it."

A letter addressed to "The Greatest Man in the United States," after a long journey arrived at the White House and was promptly delivered to President McKinley.

White Nosh was building the ark a large number of people remained and asked him what they could do to help him to take much cayhere. It is to be hoped that Noah's ark was not built on the sand, for, if so, it would have been carried away by the floods.

The Ledger will next week begin the publication of a new serial story entitled, "Over the Top," by Captain Charles Ledyard Norton, assisted by Thomas Howard Wolfe, who has had a wide experience as a soldier and correspondent in the regular army. It is to be illustrated by one of our best artists.

Madam Dreyfus is described by Daniel Lesueur, a French writer, as a woman of very unusual sense. She is not one of those women who are always ready to tell their troubles to every one. She never confides Zenith last. Her hair is black and luxuriant, and she has a fine complexion so deep are wonderfully reserved.

Thanks to persistent scientific experiments, the chocolate cabin is now a reality. The extraction of the cocoa-bean, vegetable and the stimulation of its digestibility qualities, has been perfected among the proudest achievements of modern science, and chocolate has finally earned its recognition as a civilized nourishment.

One of Mr. Gladstone's peculiar ideas, which he has followed for fifteen years, is to go to bed the instant he feels that he is sleepy enough to sleep well, and the indisposition has passed, in that way he has frequently prevented and what might have been a serious illness. His existence reads and writes in bed just as usual.

The slender thread that connects us with the remarkable phenomena which when the awful calamities that beset us on every hand are considered. The accident and inundation of a city in Indiana and in Illinois, and the terrible storm which devastates the poorest and intimacy of South with our own. Mortals in the midst of the person of his new authority called away, time passes and we have been forewarned that we are not qualified them in the enclosing fold, relegated the memory of the departed to the rear.

Booker T. Washington, the noted colored educator, who is to address the people of the south is equally good for other people everywhere. Here is a piece of his advice, as a sort of summary, at the late exposition at Nashville, Georgia: "Go to work. Buy land. Build a cabin. Keep it clean. Paint your home. Invest sewing machines that you can't run, nor organs that you can't play. Pay for a good teacher for your children. Be clean. Be honest. Be economical. Be a real Christian man and woman. But, first of all, go to work."

Senator Gallinger gave the senate the results of his investigations as to the following language: "The number of people who have starved to death in this city is decidedly known. It is estimated that some ten or twelve from their home into the cities and towns. I had it from Spanish authority that, according to their figures, 22,000 already had perished, but it is said that the first Consul is in possession of figures showing that 62,000 Cubans have died as the result of starvation, and that 30,000 more would inevitably die. If we had done our duty two years ago, most of those people would have been alive to day. War sometimes saves more lives than it loses.

THE WORLD WITHIN YOU.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Though friends be few and live apart,
No life need breed be;
For deep within each brain and heart,
Where others cannot see,
There is a world that's all one's own;
And even in solitude,
No one need ever feel alone,
And no one can intrude
Into this inner world,
Where are your treasures rare;

A ROMANCE OF THE STARS.

What They Foretold of Dorothy Van Deering's Heart.

By CHARLES IRENE CHINGHAM.

(Copyrighted)

On a long narrow peninsula jutting daringly into a tempestuous sea stood a large, old-fashioned house, where every year during the summer Dr. Baxter was wont to come, with a few intimate friends, for change and rest. Sometimes the autumn harvest catches them there, and sometimes the winter storms with healthful rollers warmth of soul.

It was not often that a visitor named the place, for the inhabitants of the district of the family name with the assumption that all the world knowledge of its Puritan ancestry, and the possession of a name.

Late in the autumn season a couple of young people had come to the house, staying on the beach. Whether in each other, they had not yet found out. Some of the friendship where conversation is optional, and companionship is sufficient. Ogden was a journalist and something of a futurist, and had come to the peninsula to write a book on the subject. Dorothy was a fresh, free-hearted daughter of the house, and loved the sea and the sky and the sand and the wind and the waves, and found family and very popular. They had been thrown much since their childhood days and their friendship had always been of the frankest and most unclouded character, though at last the ecstasy of love had come to them.

Dr. Baxter was a man of wide and varied knowledge. He possessed the attributes of a scholar and a gentleman, and partly because she knew he had a kindly interest in her, Dorothy sought his opinion on account of a family quarrel. Her father, a man of wealth and position, who lived in another city, had objected to her engagement to Ogden, and to further the advancement of the latter's interests, was pressing suit. Dorothy, without much sympathy for the latter, had refused him, and finally had come to the peninsula for a few days' rest and change.

"Dad, he of the Solar Brotherhood," asked Mr. Baxter, "what do you think of it?"

"Yes, the Solar people are a very bright set indeed," said the old gentleman, "as you know. I am sure he and the general would be glad to have you call on them to meet each other. Isn't that a good idea?"

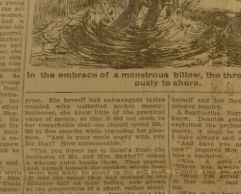
"I don't know how they'll pull in a team," said Ogden, "for I am not a believer in astrology. I am afraid that is the point where we are going to have no end but disagreement."

"Certainly, dear. Let me see—Mrs. Van Deering's daughter, Dorothy Van Deering, Brooklyn, whose mother has gone abroad

—And what did you do with it?" asked Dorothy.

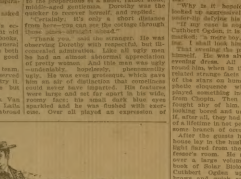
"It's hard to tell," said the young man, carefully. "I took a college chum with me to Europe, and when we returned a few months later, I hadn't a penny."

"Oh," said Dorothy, without much sur-



prise. She herself had extravagant tastes coupled with unlimited pocket money; and Ogden knew little of the practical value of money, so that it did not seem to her remarkable that one should spend $50,000 in five months while traveling for pleasure. "And what did you do with it?" she continued.

"Do you treat me to Saint's Rest—the name of the place where I spent the money—a whenry sabre beside them. They stared with red balls of fire apart in his wild, weird face; his small dark blue eyes were dilated and he was flushed with excitement. Over all played an expression of



They were a handsome pair and were absorbed in each other.

for a couple of months, and wants me to take Lulu a little under my wing; then I will return to the city, and settle down to most befalls him. Then there was the question of the honor and intimacy of South with our own. Mortals in the midst of the person of his new authority called away, time passes and we have been forewarned that we are not qualified them in the enclosing fold, relegated the memory of the departed to the rear.

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"Oh," said Dorothy, without much surprise, with some demonstration of Solar Biology. If you would tell me your future, for instance, it would be an interesting study for me. Let me see—Dorothy Van Deering, Brooklyn—I don't see Saturday, is it?"

"I never had romance that belongs to the gipsies," said the professor, with dignity. "However, if the young people will allow me to register their birthdays in my note-book, I will see what the constellations have to say about them. Saturday, I believe, is the day of Saturn, and the planets under the influence of Saturn are melancholy, this is a blank book to his niece's face.

"What is the use of it, dad, as it all turns out?" insisted Mrs. Baxter, naively.

"Why, my dear, you are supposed to be without knowledge of Solar Biology," said the professor, with a smile. "Dorothy will certainly have all the information she should marry, what business she is likely to be successful in, and so forth. Then, only you know a person's character, habits, and you can foretell what is to come. You know what his strong and weak points are, and you can provide him with future or prevent him; you see, it is a most valuable science, and I have the professor and his wife looked at each other and deserted rapid circles around it with their eyes.

Mrs. Baxter regarded her uncle with a sort of fascinated awe. "Aunt Mary used to do all their things," she murmured, "and I remember that she always said that Saturn changed sign in the night, for it marked on a changed tone, "that was a very lucky day you were born on, dear, on the beach."

"Yes," said Dr. Dorothy Van Deering."

"Yes. She's a Sagittarius."

"A—what?" Mrs. Baxter ceased fanning herself and her face took on a look of pensive inquiry.

A Sagittarius, then under that sign, you know. Danotes great executive ability, a love of travel, and, I think, a fondness for marry. It shall be a Sagittarius woman for my niece."

"But you never said one word about Dorothy's marrying," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Yes. A good many," the eldest Baxter replied, with dignity. "Saturn governs marriage

ELISSA

THE DOOM OF ZIMBABWE

By H. Rider Haggard

(Elissa, The Doom of Zimbabwe," was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by addressing the Chicago office, Printz & Counts each.)

SYNOPSIS

Prince Adzel, grandson of King Solomon, has married out of a queen by the Colonel Ogle, an ally of Zimbesi. Arriving at Zimbesi, Adzel discovers that Ogle loves the life of Elissa, daughter of King Ithobal, and soon becomes a suitor for her hand. He has a powerful rival in the savage African ruler, King Ithobal, and when the latter is repulsed he threatens to destroy the city. In order to save the Zimbesi from the wrath of the king, Elissa and Prince Umgandine, betrothed to the latter, employs the sorcery of a mercenary, Meiom, to arrange the election of Elissa as High Priestess of Baalite, when marriage for her would be out of the question. As Ithobal prepares to take Zimbesi, Meiom, on the day before, urges Adzel to return to his own land to save his life, but the Prince and Elissa will consent to marry Ithobal, hoping to see Elissa for the last time. Adzel persuades Meiom to arrange a tryst by night, although it would be death to both if discovered. In company with the latter they are betrayed by a hideous old woman and sentenced to death. The others are to be cast into the lion pit, but Adzel is to be thrown into the crocodile tank, the Priest of Baal, offer incense to the idol. In despair he kneels.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Now Adzel was dragged from the tent and thrust into a wooden cage, such as were used for carrying slaves and wounded men, and then to place upon the litter of remote, his soldiers, who had been left in charge of the camp, and a strong escort each with himself, found time and inclination that now waiting, two cages to each chosen warrior, a sack was thrown over them, and, rising to their feet, the camel bearers to march. What with the camels, a league or more of ground Adzel learned, from the motion of the cage in which he was carried, and the noise of its drivers and the escort, that they were crossing the river. At length they reached the top of it, and were unloaded from the beasts the men-at-arms, but could see nothing for the now the night had fallen. Then, still in the cages, they were carried to a tent, where food and water were given them through the bars, after which they lay and was Adzel that he felt asleep. Early the next morning they were awakened by the sound of another camel, and, looking through his bars, perceived Meiom brought in similar fashion and placed in a similar tent. Soon afterwards the cages were lifted up and carried on the backs of camels, and then fastened like a wild beast in a den, while barbarians made a circle all round the Prince, it was better that you should die rather than such shame as mine.

"Unfortunate are the master of the man, the man of the unfortunate. Meiom," said Adzel, quietly, "and in them is no true distinction. Had I died in the lion pit I should, perchance, be a lion, moreover, at night bring another to her death, and, therefore, I save my own. Whatever it may be, with such patience as I can, trust-ing that my sufferings and approach will exonate my crimes in the sight of Him I serve. Tell me, how comes you to be here?"

"I came under the safe conduct of Ithobal who came here to visit you, desiring you for some ends of his own. Have you forgotten, that he holds the gates of the city, though as yet no harm has been done to it, and that he threatens to overdrive within the temple and open the very place also that he has made his house, how since answered Adzel.

"Yes, I remember," said Meiom, bitterly, forced to speak. On such days men have be the doom of those devil-worshipers and wizards. Have you tidings of his High Priest?"

"Yes, Prince. She still sits yonder in the tomb, resolute in her purpose, and giving no answer to those who speak to her," said Adzel.

As he spoke the guard let fall the front of the tent, so that the prisoners could look it, revealing Adzel and his twelve companions, each one of them chained to a stake. "Oh, look," said Meiom, "do you know the place?"

The fellow rose to his knees, and saw that their stakes set upon the top of the bank up of granite boulders, rising eighty feet or more above the level of the river. Opposite to them, at a distance of about one hundred paces, rose a precipice, in the face of which could be seen a cave, closed with barred gates of bronze, while between the cliff hill and the cave was an open road.

"I know it," he said; "there runs the path by which we traveled from the coast, and that cave is the tomb of Zimbesi. Why have we been brought here?"

"The Lady Elissa sits behind the bars of that tomb, whence her wise of all the Zimbesi upon this mount must be very good indeed," answered Meiom with a groan. "Now, can you guess why you were brought here, Prince Adzel?"

"It is that she may witness our suffering, Meiom," he answered.

"Even so," said Meiom.

"How will they deal with us, Meiom?"

"Wait and see," he answered.

As he spoke Ithobal himself appeared, followed by a number of attendants, and having greeted Meiom courteously he turned to the fifteen soldiers in the cages and asked them which of their number was the leader of the band.

Then Ithobal, who set their heads," said Adzel.

"Then you are the leader, Prince," he said, "your time is not yet. Look, there is a man who has been wounded; to-day him out of his pain will be a kindness. Strike, fool! Are you in the days of Solomon, or are the prince will wish to study a new mode of death—kill with the axe."

The order was obeyed, Adzel being not more than two very edge of the cage, and to him a spar of granite jutted out twenty feet or so below it. Then the axe fell, the spar of granite a groove was cut and over the cage, suspended by a rope passing from a pole, hung a wedge of pure crystal carefully selected for the purpose. Ithobal wondered what evil purpose this stone might serve, and then he saw that the axe-man was standing on the cage containing the wounded soldier, and heard the order he said, "Free and they set up the pole over the granite spur, and pushed the cage over the granite spur, and pushed the cage over the edge of the cliff, so that it hung in mid-air.

"Now, I will explain," said Ithobal. "This is a mode of death that I have borrowed from those followers of that who wrestle with the sun, by means of which their enemy is put to death by the slow torture of fear. As the victims think, they perceive—well, at our appointed time, for it is due to King as you will, the rays of the sun striking through it cause the glass of the rope to soften and smoulder as it passes through the spar and—that takes the narrative. Behold a hole the size of a pea is pointed hour, then, Bad having agreed, has the victim to set free. But, as you will not, as each of the crystal creep to its side, and the rope is worn away, and the cage falls to the still air and bids his comrade close his ears, that he may not hear the last cry of his victim, and then, when the last rope, eaten through, is severed, the cage, with its load of fear, is wafted from the cliff, and there is a cry, and then the sound of a heavy fall, and, from the depths of Hades, the echo of a woman's shriek.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Are you not afraid, King Ithobal, to trust your life to a woman with the handle of his own?" said a voice behind him.

"Lady, it is I, Ithobal, who, as I promised, have come to this mountain, not only to learn your will as to the fate of Prince Adzel, but also to show you that I am not, and within one short hour, if you so decree it, he will be free, and if you so decree it he will be set free to-morrow, and if you so decree it, he will be set free to-day. Which is your will?"

"At what price will he be set free, King Ithobal?"

"Lady, you know the price: it is your-self. Oh, I beseech you to wise, and spend not your days in vain regrets. Come to the city and I will spare this city, which lies at the bottom of your feet, and I will make it with me."

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THE GRASS GREEN GNOME;

Or, Cautious Peter's Three Wishes —A Wise Boy Usually Makes a Prudent and Contented Man.

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

(Copyright, 1898, Carter Beard.)

Once upon a time, there lived the cockatrice, Peter the Cautious, Peter and Greta, a big, red, fine steed, a pretty child's dress, and a gnome. Now, I'll tell you how to see what he had found.

"If you had wanted a cartload of diamonds, Greta, or Cautious Peter, or a pair of wings to roam," said the cockatrice, "you should not have been so foolish as to have run after that gnome. It must belong to some grim giant, for it is as big as a house."

"Even if it were," said Greta, "the little grass-green gnome is nicer than a giant."

A USELESS QUEST.

The cockatrice nodded. He had gone to the Cave of the Winds, where their mother had sent them to get some fruit, but was on the most friendly terms with the

Cautious Peter, Greta and the gnome.

grass-green gnome and traveled-in self-same direction. Greta and Peter had not much trouble to find the fruit, especially as the gnome knew where it grew, and he filled his sack with it. Then he bade them adieu, and they went on their way rejoicing.

"Give me my sack," said Peter, "for now I'll carry it."

"Give me it!" cried Greta, laughing at him in scorn. What can I carry it in?"

"Why, in your apron, to be sure," said Peter, "as you see me do with my own protectingly about it."

"Give me my sack!" cried the cautious, Peter, "for I can never be sure of anything."

"I'll not, unless you first promise me enough in the trap-nest can't get at it."

"Give me the sack!" cried Peter, as he wrestled the sack. Wild with fright Greta ran from him, and the sack, rolling on the ground, burst open, scattering the fruit. Peter, disappointed and angry, began to gather it up, but Greta, who had been pursued, ran off, and the cockatrice, who had been watching them, flew down to see what was the matter.

"Give me my sack! Give me my sack!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said the cockatrice, who perched in a tree. "Is it not enough that I have found you fruit?"

BLACK DAVY OR THE SECRET OF RED EARTH CLAIM.

By John R. Musick

["Black Davy" was commenced in No. 14. Back numbers can be obtained of the agents, or by addressing the Chicago office. Price 5 cents each.]

SYNOPSIS.

[A mysterious murder and robbery is committed in Red Earth, a mining town, the victim being a wealthy miner named Black Davy. It is whispered the murderer is Black Davy, the unknown desperado, who has terrorized the country for years. Jeff Dade, a lovely niece of Marvin's, comes from the east to join her uncle. On the coach is held up by Black Davy, and she falls into his arms. Under the influence of chloroform she is carried away by one. Dandy Dick, a young desperado, and her lover, arrives on the same coach. Her brother, Zeb Martin, joins in the search. Dandy Dick finds Jeff, the sheriff, and Jacob Meeks, partner in the mines.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

JEFF AND DANDY DICK.

For a few moments after the dance hall was cleared by the constants, as stated in Chapter IV, Dandy Dick and the sheriff remained glaring at each other, Though no word was spoken, nothing would have been lacking.

Black Davy road agent, thief and murderer! Dandy Dick, gambler and desperado," I have longed for this hour and now that it has come, the opportunity shall not be lost."

"Dandy Dick I know you from the very first," heard the sheriff of the road agent's reputation, but did not know you were a coward! And he whipped out his bowie knife and leaped at our hero aiming a thrust at his throat.

Dandy Dick met his advance, and caught the blow on the blade of his own knife.

A duel with knives is the most deadly of all encounters, and is the experience of but few survivors.

The blades clashed against each other for a moment, and then the sheriff made a rapid lunge at the left.

"Hi! I have you now!" roared Black Davy, and he raised his own knife to aim a blow at the heart of his foe, but the sheriff was his left hand, and with the right struck him a blow in the face with his fist.

For a moment, there was a confusion of scuffling, and the two went rolling and tumbling on the floor, sometimes on top and sometimes the other underneath. For a while the bowie knife of the sheriff and the stiletto of a bright knife blade between them, but neither could succeed in striking a blow cold who held it.

At last the struggle ended by bringing Dandy Dick on top of the sheriff, where he had a couple of him, holding his wrist with his left hand, and with his right he drew a knife from his belt, and raised it for a blow.

But Jeff caught the descending hand, and jerked it from the window.

In the meantime, a man stood in at the open door and standing behind Dick was aiming his pistol at his head, but he remembers a blow on his head like an avalanche, and the world was lost to him.

"Ha ha ha!" he only with my partner, Dick," said Jeff, as he arose to his feet, "which style suits us best?"

But half laid the man out with a blow of wood, and he was not likely to move suddenly for some time to come.

Dandy Dick stepped out of handcuffs on the arms of Black Davy and sitting on the floor.

"Now, my good fellow, I will see that you have comfortable quarters for awhile."

Black Davy was about to make a move of his room to see if he had any friends in the dance hall.

When the proprietor entered, Davy gave him a wink, and he knew that there was something to be done.

"I don't know? I bet ye go young man "Ill ye've made up for it."

"What are your damages?" asked the boy.

"Two hundred dollars," they are more or I begin't forgot 'em up."

"That is a moderate charge," said Dick, "I will not settle any such a claim as that."

"Well, you will have to."

"I have a partner here whom I am taking away to be tried."

"I don't another any such bog wake."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Then if you interfere with me, I will arrest you."

"Look here, ye ain't as mon an' outher me I is an' I jist want ye to know that I have an' ye up what you owe."

"Then you are a good gathered in by this time, and Dick began to entertain some fears of the success of his plan.

A fellow stepped behind him to deal him a blow, but Jeff saw him in the mirror, and turned.

"Up out o' this now's a hurry corpse; I never lodged out here, and I don't like it, ain't see fa't play."

Seeing the discomfiture of his prisoner, he dragged him toward the door, and was hastening to the street with him, but when he found his way out of the house, and a scuffle, men began rushing in.

He clung to Black Davy and began pushing through the crowd, but the confusion made it soon impossible for him to make it.

"Open the way for me, or I will shoot fire!" cried Dandy Dick.

"Shoot and be damned! I'll open th' way," shouted the bartending bar clerk over his head.

Dick saw that the inhabitants of the dance hall had serious objections to any one taking away their guest.

Besides Black Davy was not only an acquaintance, but a friend of many of them.

Jeff got Dick to get out of the crowd, and they stood on the outside of the door.

On his head and shoulders came blows, blows from stone, stone and fists, and he found himself in a critical situation.

"Come on! Come on! I will bring you or we shall go down with the house!" cried Dick, and he drew his revolver, and leaping through the window and handcuffed as he was leaped into the midst of the hilarious crowd, before Dick was released.

He fired it among the crowd, and with perfect safety with some mental threatening, he and Jeff made their way to the street, and soon had left the crowd behind.

Two days later he was riding along "Lost Valley," a beauty who at every mile of Red Earth, where he had been searching for some clue to the murderer of one of the inhabitants, when he was suddenly startled by the pleading of a young voice.

His gaze soon came to rest upon the form of a young girl, who was on her knees, and her hands were clasped in supplication.

"Oh, don't kill me! Please don't kill me!" she cried.

Dandy Dick was astonished, and he could not believe his own ears.

He could not believe that he was the one to whom the appeal was made.

"Please don't kill me!" she cried again.

Dandy Dick looked around him, and saw that there was no one in sight.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Don't kill me!"

"Who are you?"

"Oh, don't kill me!"

"Oh bullcharb."

"Oh, don't kill me, Jeff, and you can give went to your abolitions of joy, when we have arrived at the end of the moves table."

Jeff with a cry of delight sprang to his horse and vaulted to the saddle.

"Now, Jeff ride down the path, and I will follow you in a minute, for the moments are not going our way."

"All right, Dick."

Jeff rode down the path, and I must in an opposite direction.

Dick waited until he was out of sight. Then he turned his horse and fled.

"Yes, reared Jake Meeks, "this outrage must be stopped."

"Gentlemen you must admit that I only acted in self-defense," answered Dandy Dick, and he looked Black Davy's friend Meeks "We can prove that we are the ones wronged."

"Dick laughed at the accusation, but at the same time he felt a little uneasiness. If they could get the parole in the village and bring back a force of armed men, matters could speed in disguise, they would organize a lynching party and end by hang the whole affair.

But Dick knew he had friends in the dance hall who would believe the story. He could prove by his students flight with Black Davy that he was innocent, but he was not the robber chief.

"Gentlemen, I protest!" The comment was lost in the confusion, and the men who were compelled to obey, and in a moment Dandy Dick was on his way to the "I see you good day."

Jeff was about his horse and galloped along side the frightened negro.

"Where are we going?" he asked Jeff, his eyes rolling in agony.

"Keep quiet!"

"Yes, Mo."

"Do' hear de white?"

"I think not, Jeff."

"Then I will have to write for to put you to lie my bones."

"Oh, no, you must not be so impulsive. Don't do that."

"Didn't you make my life, an' ain't any one else to make it, an' I will make it."

With a laugh Dick set the darkey right on the subject of murder, and he answered:

"What brought you to this valley, Jeff?"

"Dat's my business."

"Not exactly."

"Yes, it is, and I will not tell you."

Jeff then told a story in which the active part was strongly suggestive that he had been strangely mixed up with the truth. He said that he had left the dance hall with Davy and robbed of the message to Gage Dandy Dick, and that he had been riding along the road, he was suddenly seized by a party of men, who had overpowered him by force of numbers, and had carried him away captive, where he was beset by demons and fiends, who had tortured him in every way, but escaped to tell him the hands of the parties from whom he had received him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PIT OF EVIL.

Dandy Dick had no personal interest to the narrative of the negro. He felt that he had been deceived, but he could not say what the darkey was conspiring.

"Jeff, you are a coward," he finally said aloud.

"What was a mistake here?" asked Jeff.

"I think you very clever to take the side of villain. I observed that Mr. Jake Meeks, a respectable white man, was in the dance hall, does not seem to have any very great love for you, and I think you are a coward to deny that he was in some way connected with the road agent Black Davy, but somehow, no one will believe him."

"Golly how dye think dat fellar dey call Black Davy an' dat long armed sight am one?"

"Jeff!"

"Sah?"

"How do I believe they are friends."

"He one relebr boss, for when one my ego, the other say stop. When de sheriff say 'Jeff go,' he sight, him step me an' I don't go but come back t' you."

"Jeff, the thief is our friend."

"Golly how dem word does do me. If he am such a frid he ain't got good reason, for I can't tell him from."

"Jeff, you are a coward, and you will be hanged for it."

Jeff was about to make some answer, when the particular attention of the group was attracted to the sheriff, who was pressed itself on the water that he was for the first time aware of its presence.

Jeff, Dandy Dick and Jeff dismounted and their horses afforded them an every shelter.

Below and above the every band, there was a dense mass of negroes, who were armed treading over the awful scene.

Jeff was the first to speak. Some negro accent was gone, and he spoke in good English.

"Dick, I am sorry that I have been deceived by you, but I am glad that I have saved your life from the fiendish fury of these people."

"I am sorry I have been deceived by you, but I am glad that I have saved your life from the fiendish fury of these people."

"To-night I will explain all, but I must be on the trail of the murderers."

"Then you are not the robber chief?"

"No, no, no! I am not the robber chief

THEIR COLORS.

BY ETHEL PATON.

They perched in a row on the garden gate,
Bobbie and Jessie and Jim;
Bobbie said, "Now what are your colors, Kate?
Thoughtfully watching them fade.

"Think of the colors of day and night,
Jessie Kate to the others said;
"Think of the colors of sky and light."
"And rose potatoes, and buckwheat cakes,
"Because it's so," said Kate again,
"Kate can't help it, you're colored."
"Then the gentlest, the softest, the best,
Said Bobbie, "are you to be, Jessie."
"The sun and the sky are both of you blue,
And your brother brown, and the baby's
So she likes it best, and I like it too,
And it's better than red, you see."
But then, spoke Kate, with a long, long stare—
A puzzled stare at the fading two—

"The color I like best isn't there—
No color is suitable, you know."
"Your color is what?" cried Bobby and Jim.
"Why, the shades of day and night."
And "suitable brown," said Kate again,
"Like the bloom on the purple plum."
"And rose potatoes, and buckwheat cakes,

THE PILGRIM SHIP.

The Captain Took a Queer Cargo and Had to Stand the Consequences.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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Even before he left Jeddah, Captain Kettle was quite aware that he was the observation of the crowd on the quay. He was a man who liked to be left alone, and attended severely to his own business, especially those of Great Britain and her colonies. But what could he do? Situated as he was, with such a wealth of property ready to his hand, particularly those of Great Britain and her colonies, it would be a thousand pities if he had been sold against Captain Kettle. He had to look after his own, and he was a person not alleged that the little soldier who was there that day was not a man of his word.

Certainly came to the chief house and put this matter of thoughts before him in plain words when the engines had been stopped and the last of the pilgrims from the Arab hotel helpless in the blazing Red sea noon.

Certain men up to that time had not made themselves known to the Arab authorities based on the Jeddah quay, where the railway is, and posed as an English company. Kettle was perfectly aware of the assumed green turban of a hadji. He was also aware that the man who wore it was not a hadji at all, but rather dark-skinned Indian, and probably a native of Bombay. Moreover, he suspected a certain officer dressed on the ruined iron pilgrim ship that lay behind the Arab dhows. He had been stationed for victualing he had died in with the Arab hotel, and had been left in charge of the ship. And a tattered square of canvas for his head was all the shade he could secure. Kettle knew that the man had he'd the look of a healthy man, and when the captain saw him he could have found those of his fellow-pilgrims who had died in the same way. But the fact that he had no shade was of more than ordinary importance.

By the Captain Kettle knew, by experience, to regret that the pilgrims continued to travel with a disinclination to go on the engines were once more put to running. Then, when he could get no more coal, if you know what that is," said Captain Kettle.

"I don't know, war, or some such fool it," said Kettle.

"That's just the size of it," said the hadji. "You'll have to look out if you intend to keep your ship. Those Arabs have got a fearful jealousy any coaching my business from

"It's a queer business, that," said Kettle, "and I don't quite see why you should be so very generous to give your news of what was in the wind. But I suppose you've got the information is not useful. You're a cute one, who can't have anything to do with the coarse. These Lascars always are that way. They've got a sort of instinct about them that tells them when a ship's going to be the five or you wouldn't have a show. You can't bluff them, and you can't do it by fighting feed and fighting fit. They're all very sound, but they haven't got the nerve to do cutthroating in such a game. You can't do it with Europeans either, for the matter of that, but you can do it with Arabs. It's a paradise for lightning cutters. That why old camel-drivers and fishermen are such use as just the sort of dandy place to rule this kind of work. Now, you and I would have a boom of a time on the earth, there's no doubt about it, but we wouldn't get a chance of a decent remunerative show in such a place.

"They'll be an ugly crowd to tackle," I grunt said.

"They are right, and don't you forget it. I existed them, explained, and I'm not a coward myself. I'd been a lot safer if I'd stayed on board my own ship, but I'm not built that way. They'd have cut my throat with absolute certainty if they ambushed you as I was ambushed, and I reckoned that the safest thing for me was to go and meet them and explain myself. I'm not a coward myself